

## JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IS IN WANT!

We have heard rumors from time to time of things in the life of John D. Rockefeller which would make the ordinary man unhappy.

Attempts at kidnaping, patrols of armed guards, every evidence of great loneliness, and some of a reign of terror, have been heard among the echoes from the great



magnate's wonderful principality in the Pocantico-Hills.

Now we have the word of Frank Rockefeller, his brother, that John D. lives in "a regular hell."

He has few friends. Even his old business associates have become the associates of others. He is lonely, and he is always afraid.

Just how does his life differ from that of the traditional miser

who lived only for his gold, gloated over his strong boxes, and died in want?

Is not John D. Rockefeller really in want? In want of most of the things which make the average old man or old woman happy?

Frank Rockefeller says he is.

It is worth while to try to get at the reason for the excesses, the vagaries, and the life wrecks—considered from the normal man's standpoint—of our abnormally rich men and women. Do these queer doings, these Harry Thaw cases, these Corey and other divorces and remarriages, and the thousand similar things which get to the world's ears in the form of more or less credible gossip—these monkey dinners, these dog parties, these orgiastic dances and inflated expenses mean a rather pathetic struggle for compensation for the lost pleasures which the ordinary man takes as he goes through an industrious and humble life?

Is happiness to be found in riches?

Frank Rockefeller's testimony seems to be that it is not.

There is a growing class of rich people who do not believe that the game is worth the candle. These are firmly convinced that the millionaire is a bad thing, and that millionairism is a bad disease for him who has it.

The selfish man seeks happiness—and perhaps it is happiness which even the unselfish man